



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

BOXING WITH THE GLOVES.

WHAT is described in the slang of its votaries as 'the noble art' is an institution that may be called peculiarly English. The Greeks included boxing amongst the contests at their great athletic festivals; but it was something entirely different from what we understand by the term. It was chiefly a matter of hard hitting with stout gloves of dried ox-hide, and there is nothing in the records of the sport which indicates the clever tactics of attack and defence which English boxers have developed. An Englishman seems to have a natural instinct for the use of his fists; and for at least two centuries it has been an accomplishment by which a certain portion of the community have set great store. There is a list of champions of the English prize-ring since the very early days of last century, and its combats have enjoyed the patronage of numerous members of the aristocracy, in addition to their large and motley following of the lower orders. The better judgment of the nation has for many years past been offended by the brutality of these encounters; but open disapproval has always been qualified by a large element of secret interest in their results. The most historic meeting of the kind was that which took place at Farnborough, just over thirty years ago, between Tom Sayers, an English pugilist of extraordinary pluck and endurance, and an American named Heenan, who was popularly known as 'The Benicia Boy.' Those who remember the circumstances will admit that few events in the world of sport have roused such great or widespread excitement amongst all classes. As an evidence of interest in unexpected quarters, it was pointed out that one of the Church papers, published on the following day, contained a paragraph which, while condemning the whole affair with unstinting displeasure, did, nevertheless, not omit to inform its readers of the result.

Prize-fighting has always been illegal, and so vigilant are the authorities now in carrying out

the law that a 'mill' of the old-fashioned sort is rather uncommon. But, although other times bring other manners, pugilism itself is still with us in altered guise. The 'Rules of the London Prize-Ring' still survive as a curiosity in sporting handbooks, but side by side with them will be found the 'Marquis of Queensberry's Rules,' under which boxing contests are still carried out regularly in different parts of the country. These 'glove-fights,' as they are called, are less prolonged and more humane in their conditions than the prize-fights of old; but their real character is often essentially the same. The men fight, not in the open air as formerly, but in some building, such as a club, and the spectators are comparatively select, by reason of the high prices charged for admittance. Five or ten guineas is the usual cost of a ticket for any encounter which is regarded with particular interest, and there are always hundreds willing to see the entertainment upon such terms. Betting and racing men, doctors, lawyers, members of the Stock Exchange, sprigs of nobility, merchants and manufacturers, may all be recognised at the functions held by the National Sporting Club or the Bolingbroke Club in London, or the Olympic Club in Birmingham; while the general public await at the doors, in a more or less unwashed multitude, the earliest tidings of victory. The combatants meet in a fenced ring of fourteen by twenty-four feet square. A few hours previously they have each been weighed, for it is one of the conditions that neither shall exceed a certain figure, and they have spent weeks of training with a view to 'getting off flesh' as well as developing muscle. They are supplied with gloves of four ounces each (considerably lighter than the boxing-gloves found in a gymnasium), and these are the only coverings to be found on the upper part of their bodies. They are required to box a certain number of rounds, and at the close the referee will decide which has gained the majority of points over his opponent. Each round lasts for three minutes, and there is an interval of one

minute, during which both are rubbed down and fanned and receive other stimulating attentions from their seconds. Very often the contest is brought to an end in summary fashion long before the stipulated number of rounds have been transacted. If either should be knocked down by a blow, he is allowed ten seconds in which to regain his feet and resume the struggle; if he should fail to do so he is 'counted out,' and his opponent is declared the victor. This is what is meant by the often-used expression, 'the knock-out,' and pugilists are always on the alert to effect such a *coup*. There are three special blows which are relied on to disable an opponent in this way, and the man who is taken unawares by any of them can seldom regain his footing. One is delivered under the heart, another just on the midriff, and the third on either side of the chin. The collapse caused by either of the first two can be readily understood; the effects of a heavy blow on the jaw are not so generally known. Each side, however, is the seat of an important collection of nerve-centres, and a shock transmitted to these inevitably leaves the victim in a dazed condition, placing him quite at the mercy of his antagonist.

The position held by the 'knock-out' is alone sufficient to give these affairs a character which must be described as brutality. Yet for people of strong nerves they seem to be not without a keen fascination. The physique of the men is often magnificent, and evokes the highest admiration; their quickness and endurance both testify to perfect training, which also renders the effects of 'punishment' much lighter than they appear on the surface. The skill attainable in boxing is marvellous and beautiful to watch, and the coolness of temper which is a vital requisite is not without a certain moral quality. All the feelings of animal enthusiasm, which is not necessarily vicious, are abundantly called forth in the spectators. But after everything has been said in its favour, 'glove-fighting' is really prize-fighting revived with very slightly modified conditions and less repulsive associations. It is the same in substance, and whatever justifies the suppression of the one applies equally to the other. It may be asked why the law distinguishes between them. While displays of scientific boxing are quite harmless and unaffected by anything in the statute-book, it is clearly recognised that a 'glove-contest' is on the same legal footing as a prize-fight as soon as it develops the same characteristics of excessive violence; yet these contests are held regularly and publicly with practically no hint of interference. The explanation lies in those secret inclinations of the popular mind to which reference has

already been made. An attempt was made to prosecute the principals in one notorious case ten years ago; and although the evidence was as clear as possible, the London jury would not agree to a conviction. There is little doubt that the same result would follow other attempts to put the law in force; and, recognising the strong and evident bias of a section of public feeling, the authorities have allowed the question to drop. There is, therefore, in most large towns a considerable number of professional pugilists, who earn their living by such exhibitions as well as by teaching boxing and by giving protection occasionally to persons who think themselves in danger of assault. On most racecourses they are to be found in attendance on betting men who carry large sums of money on their persons, and they are often privately employed by those responsible for entertainments where a rowdy element is to be expected amongst the audience. It is their due to say that they are generally to be found on the side of law and order, and they are for the most part on excellent terms with the police.

Apart from these questions, the justification of boxing both as a useful accomplishment and as a healthful exercise is complete. That a man should be able to defend himself is not only reasonable, but in less civilised conditions would be a matter of constant necessity. The value of a scientific knowledge of fisticuffs is recognised both in the army and in the police service, and there is no walk of life (as may be illustrated from the House of Commons!) in which it may not help at a pinch. Amongst our rougher city populations a good deal of physical violence is still intermingled with daily life, and it has been remarked from the magistrates' bench and other quarters that, if disputes are to be settled by personal combat, a manly and straightforward use of the fists would be far preferable to the employment of boots, belts, missiles, and lethal weapons, to which the denizens of the slums resort with appalling readiness. So forcibly is this consideration felt in some quarters that a High Church clergyman in a mission district in Birmingham has devoted himself with much energy to the instruction of his young roughs and embryo criminals in boxing, and reports encouraging results in the improvement of temper, self-control, sense of fairness, and peaceable disposition generally. As a physical training it stands amongst the very finest of sports. It engages every part of the body, and is the severest test of agility and concentration. It reveals most wonderfully the resources of human physique, and in its true functions well merits a tribute of praise and encouragement.

JOHN BURNET OF BARNES.

CHAPTER IV.—I GO TO THE COLLEGE AT GLASGOW.

BY this time I had grown a great, stalwart lad, little above the middle height, but broad and sinewy. I had made progress in all manly sports, and could fling the hammer almost as far as the Manor blacksmith, while in leaping and running I had few rivals among lads of my age. Also, I was no bad swordsman, but could stand my own against all the wiles of Tam Todd, and once even disarmed him, to his own unspeakable disgust. In my studies, which I pursued as diligently as I could with no teachers and not over many books, I had made some little advance, having read through most of the Greek tragedians and advanced some distance in the study of Plato; while in the Latin tongue I had become such an adept that I could both read and write it with ease.

When I had reached the mature age of eighteen, who should come up into our parts but my famous relative, Master Gilbert Burnet, the preacher at St Clement's in London, of whom I have already spoken! He was making a journey to Edinburgh, and had turned out of his way to revive an old acquaintance. My father was overjoyed to see him, and treated him to the best the house could produce. He stayed with us two days, and I remember him still as he sat in a great arm-chair opposite my father, with his broad velvet cap, and gray, peaked beard, and weighty brows. Yet when he willed, though for ordinary a silent man, he could talk as gaily and wittily as any town gallant; so much, indeed, that my father, who was somewhat hard to please, declared him the best companion he ever remembered.

Before he left, Master Burnet examined me on my progress in polite learning; and finding me well advanced, he would have it that I should be sent forthwith to Glasgow College. He exacted a promise from my father to see to this, and left behind him when he departed letters of introduction to many of the folk there, for he himself had at one time been professor of divinity in the place. As for myself, I was nothing loth to go and see places beyond Tweeddale and add to my stock of learning; for about this time a great enthusiasm for letters had seized me (which I suppose happens at some time or other to most men), and I conceived my proper vocation in life to be that of the scholar. So it was settled that I should ride to Glasgow and take lodgings in the town for the sake of the college classes.

I set out one November morning, riding Maisie alone; for no student was allowed to have a servant, nor any one below the degree of Master

of Arts. The air was keen and frosty, and I rode in high fettle by the towns of Biggar and Lanark to the valley of the Clyde. I lay all night at Crossford in the house of a distant relative. Thence the next day I rode to Hamilton, and in the evening came to the bridge of the Clyde at Glasgow. I took up my abode in the Vicar's Alley, off the High Street, at the house of one Mistress Macmillan, who had come originally from the lowlands of Galloway. Then I presented myself to the Principal and Regents of the college, and was duly admitted, putting on the red gown, the badge of the student class, than which I believe there is no more hideous habiliment.

The college in those days was poor enough, having been well-nigh ruined by the extortions of Lord Middleton and his drunken crew; and it had not yet benefited by the rich donations of the Reverend Zachary Boyd of the Barony Kirk. Still, the standard of learning in the place was extraordinary high, especially in Dialectic and Philosophy—a standard which had been set by the famous Andrew Melville when he was a professor in the place.

Across the High Street were the college gardens and green, pleasant orchards, where the professors were wont to walk and the scholars to have their games. Through the middle ran the clear Molendinar Burn, so called, it was said, by the old Romans, and here I loved to watch the trout and young salmon leaping. There was a severe rule against scholars fishing in the stream, so I was fain to content myself with the sight. For soon a violent fit of home-sickness seized me, and I longed for the rush of Tweed and the pleasant sweep of Manor; so it was one of my greatest consolations to look at this water and fancy myself far away from the town.

No one of us was permitted to carry arms of any kind, so I had to sell my sword on my first coming to the town. This was a great hardship to me, for whereas when I carried a weapon I had some sense of my own importance, now I felt no better than the rest of the unarmed crowd about me. Yet it was a wise precaution, for in other places where scholars are allowed to strut like cavaliers there are fights and duels all the day long, so that the place looks less like an abode of the Muses than a disorderly tavern. Nevertheless there were many manly exercises to be had, for in the greens in the garden we had trials of skill at archery and golf and many other games of the kind. At the first-mentioned I soon became a great master, for I had a keen eye from much living among woods and hills, and soon there was no one who could come near me at the game. As for golf,

I utterly failed to excel; and indeed it seems to me that golf is like the divine art of poetry, the gift for which is implanted in man at his birth or not at all. Be that as it may, I never struck a golf-ball fairly in my life, and I misdoubt I never shall.

As for my studies, for which I came to the place, I think I made great progress. For after my first fit of home-sickness was over I fell in with the ways of the college, and acquired such a vast liking for the pursuit of learning that I felt more convinced than ever that Providence had made me for a scholar. In my classes I won the commendation of both professors; especially in the class of Dialectic, where an analysis of Aristotle's method was highly praised by Master Sandeman, the professor. This fine scholar and accomplished gentleman helped me in many ways, and for nigh two months, when he was sick of the fever, I lectured to his class in his stead.

In the midsummer months I went down to Tweeddale again, where I astonished my father and all in the place with my new learning, and also grieved them. For I had no love for fishing or shooting; I would scarce ride two miles for the pleasure of it; my father's tales, in which I delighted before, had grown tiresome; and I had no liking for anything save bending over books. When I went to Dawyck to see Marjory, she knew not what had come over me, I was so full of whims and fancies. 'Oh John!' she said, 'your face is as white as a woman's, and you have such a horrible cloak. Go and get another at once, you silly boy, and not shame your friends.' Yet even Marjory had little power over me, for I heeded her not, though aforetime I would have ridden post-haste to Peebles and got me a new suit and painted my face if I had thought that thereby I would pleasure her.

When the autumn came again I returned to college more inclined than ever for the life of a scholar. I fell to my studies with renewed zeal, and would doubtless have killed myself with work had I not been nearly killed with the fever, which made me more careful of my health. And now, like the weathercock I was, my beliefs shifted yet again. For, studying the schoolmen, who were the great upholders of Aristotle, I found in them so many contradictions and phantasies which they fathered on their master that, after reading the diatribes of Peter Ramus and others against him, I was almost persuaded that I had been grievously misled. Then at last I saw that the fault lay not in Aristotle but in his followers, who sought to find in him things that were beyond the compass of his thought. So by degrees I came round toward the new philosophy which a party in the college upheld. They swore by the great names of Bacon and Galileo and the other natural philosophers; but I hesitated to follow them, for they seemed to me to disdain all mental philosophy, which, I hold, is the greater

study. I was of this way of thinking when I fell in one day with an English book, a translation of a work by a Frenchman, one Renatus Descartes, published in London in the year 1649. It gave an account of the progress in philosophy of this man, who followed no school, but, clearing his mind of all presuppositions, instituted a method for himself. This marked for me the turning-point; for I gave in my allegiance without hesitation to this philosopher, and ever since I have held by his system with some modifications. It is needless for me to enter further into my philosophy, for I have by me a written exposition of the works of this Descartes, with my own additions, which I intend, if God so please, to give soon to the world.

For two years I abode at the college, thinking that I was destined by nature for a studious life, and harbouring thoughts of going to the university of Saumur to complete my studies. I thought that my spirit was chastened to a fit degree; and so no doubt it was, for those who had feared me at first on account of my heavy fist and straightforward ways now openly scoffed at me without fear of punishment. Indeed, one went so far one day as to jostle me off the causeway, and I made no return, but went on as if nothing had happened, deeming it beneath a wise man to be distracted by mundane trifles. Yet, mind you, in all this there was nothing Christian or like unto the meekness of our Master, as I have seen in some men, but rather an absurd attempt to imitate those who would have lived very differently had their lot been cast in our hot and turbid days.

How all this was changed and I veered round of a sudden to the opposite I must hasten to tell. One April day towards the close of my second year I was going up the High Street toward the Cathedral with a great parcel of books beneath my arm, when I heard a shouting and a jingling, and a troop of horse came down the street. I stood back into the shelter of a doorway, for soldiers were wont to bear little love to scholars, and I did not care to risk their rough jests. From this place I watched their progress, and a gallant sight it was. Some twenty men in buff jerkins and steel headpieces rode with a fine clatter of bridles and clank of swords. I marked their fierce, sun-brown faces and their dare-devil eyes as they looked haughtily down on the crowd as on lower beings; and especially I marked their leader. He sat a fine bay horse with ease and grace; his plumed hat set off his high-coloured face and long brown curls worn in the fashion of the day; and as he rode he bowed to the people with large condescension. He was past in a second, but not before I had recognised the face and figure of my cousin Gilbert.

I stood for some minutes staring before me, while the echoes of the horses' hoofs died away down the street. This, I thought, is the destiny

of my cousin, only two years my elder, a soldier, a gentleman, a great man in his place; while I am but a nameless scholar, dreaming away my manhood in the pursuits of a dotard. I was so overwhelmed with confusion that I stood gaping with a legion of thoughts and opposing feelings running through my brain. Then all the old fighting spirit of my house rose within me. By Heaven! I would make an end of this. I would get me home without delay; I would fling my books into the Clyde; I would go to the wars; I would be a great cavalier; and, by the Lord! I would keep up the name of the house. I was astonished myself at the sudden change in my feelings, for in the space of some ten minutes a whole age had passed for me, and I had grown from a boy to some measure of manhood. I came out from the close-mouth with my head in the air and defiance against all the world in my eye.

Before I had gone five paces I met the lad who had jostled me aforetime, a big fellow of a raw-boned Ayrshire house, and before he could speak I had him by the arm and had pulled him

across the way into the college gardens. There I found a quiet, green place, and plucking off my cloak, I said, 'Now, Master Dalrymple, you and I have a small account to settle.' With that we fell to with our fists, and in the space of a quarter of an hour I had beaten him so grievously that he was fain to cry for mercy. I let him go, and with much whimpering he slunk away in disgust.

Then I went into the town and bought myself a new blade and a fine suit of clothes—all with the greatest gusto and lightness of heart. I went to the inn where Maisie was stabled, and bade them have her ready for me at the college gate in an hour. Then I bade good-bye to all my friends, but especially to Master Sandeman, from whom I was loth to part. My books I did not fling into the Clyde, as at first I proposed, but left injunctions that they were to be sent by the carrier. So, having paid all my debts—for my father had kept me well appointed with money—I waved a long farewell, and set out for my own country.

THE FATE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS.

PART II.



CADELL'S manuscripts appear to have been removed and placed in the oak cabinet of his mansion at Ratho House, as we learn from a memorandum dated 28th July 1846, three years before his death. Of the

fragment of *Waverley*, he mentions that it bore the watermark of 1810, and was evidently part of the MS. now in the Advocates' Library. The portion of *Ivanhoe* was purchased from Mrs Terry; it had been sent during its composition to her husband in order to see how it could be dramatised. It was reported that after Mr Cadell's death these MSS. had been offered for private sale for £2000. Eventually they were sold by Messrs Christie, Manson, & Woods in July 1867, and brought 1255 guineas. The following are the prices and purchasers:

	Price.	Purchaser.
Marmion	191 gs.	Mr Harvey.
Lady of the Lake.....	264 "	Mr F. Richardson.
Vision of Don Roderick ..	37 "	Mr F. Richardson.
Rokeby	130 "	Mr Hope Scott.
Lord of the Isles	101 "	Mr Hope Scott.
Introductory Essay on } Popular Poetry.....	54 "	Mr F. Richardson.
Auchindrane.....	27 "	Messrs Nixon & Rhodes.
Anne of Geierstein.....	121 "	Mr Hope Scott.
Waverley and Ivanhoe ..	130 "	Mr Hope Scott.
Tales of a Grandfather. ..	145 "	Mr F. Richardson.
Castle Dangerous	32 "	Mr F. Richardson.
Count Robert of Paris. ..	23 "	Mr Massey.

1255 gs.

With the exception of the five volumes of correspondence which Mr Cadell had stipulated should

not pass out of his family, the remaining volumes were sold at the same place on July 9, 1868:

	Price.	Purchaser.
Quentin Durward	£142	Mr Toovey.
The Abbot.....	50	Mr John Murray.
Chronicles of the Canongate, 1st } and 2d Series.....	51	Mr Melville.
Woodstock.....	120	Mr Thorpe.
The Betrothed.....	77	Mr Lauder.
The Talisman	70	Mr Lauder.
St Ronan's Well	120	Mr Lauder.
Vision of Don Roderick	57	Mr A. W. Elrick.

These, with the sale of proof-sheets of the original editions with Scott's corrections, made £1074. The *Pirate* as has already been mentioned, was retained; also *Redgauntlet* and the five volumes of letters which are now in the possession of Cadell's eldest daughter, the Dowager Lady Liston Foulis. The note on *Redgauntlet* runs: 'This, the original manuscript of *Redgauntlet*, I received as a gift from Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford on 9th April 1831.—ROB. CADELL, 1834.' Sir James T. Gibson-Craig became the owner of the *Fair Maid of Perth* for £105. The above portion of *Tales of a Grandfather* was sold at Sotheby's in 1897 for £106; the *Introductory Essay on Popular Poetry*, &c., for £62 (now in the hands of Mr W. Brown, bookseller), and *Castle Dangerous* for £32. *St Ronan's Well* was in the hands of Mr A. Skene in 1871. At the sale of Scott relics belonging to Mr John A. Ballantyne (son of James Ballantyne) in 1848, the MS. of *The Black Dwarf* was purchased by Mr Stillie, on commission for Sir William Tite, for £28, 17s. 6d.; the author's proof-sheets of the

Life of Napoleon, in nine volumes, by Mr Taylor, for £47, 5s.; the proofs of *Woodstock*, *Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, *Tales of the Crusaders*, *Ivanhoe*, *Peveril*, and *Pirate* were purchased by Mr Taylor for £43, 1s. Messrs Blackwood purchased the *Letters on Demonology* for £2, 10s.

On 23d July 1896 two further volumes, part of the Cadell trust-estate, were sold at Sotheby's. These were *Don Roderick* and *Mother and Son*.

The memoranda which Scott so kindly sent to Robert Chambers towards a new edition of the *Traditions of Edinburgh* is very regularly written in three folio pages, without an interlineation or a blot. That and several autograph letters are now in the possession of Mr C. E. S. Chambers. Amongst a vast number of other valuable manuscripts left to Edinburgh University by the late David Laing are portions of *Kenilworth* and the *Legend of Montrose*, a packet of holograph letters of Walter Scott, W.S., father of Sir Walter, and W. Laidlaw's narrative of his first meeting with him.

In his general preface to the *Waverley Novels*, written in 1829, Scott has told the interesting story of the composition of *Waverley*, and how he came to forsake poetry for prose narrative. In the year 1805 he wrote about one-third of the first volume, and it was advertised to be published by John Ballantyne. Having gone as far as the seventh chapter, he showed the work to a critical friend, who gave an unfavourable opinion of it, and this made him unwilling to test public opinion, and perhaps risk the loss of the poetical reputation he had already achieved. The work was thrown aside in the drawers of an old writing-desk, which, on coming to Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret and was forgotten. Now and again his thoughts returned to the unfinished story; and the rising fame of Miss Edgeworth in depicting Irish character worked some emulation in him to do the same for Scotland. By a happy accident, in searching for some fishing-tackle, the long-lost manuscript was discovered and quickly completed. It was published by Constable on 7th July 1814, and within five weeks, although in the dead season, 1000 copies had been sold. A second edition was ready in August, a third and fourth in October and November. A copy of this first edition sometimes fetches £20.

A correspondent of Robert Chambers related that Daniel Lizars had told him how he had accidentally seen the manuscript of *Waverley* some years before it appeared. He was quite aware at the time that it was in Scott's handwriting, so that more people must have shared the secret than is generally supposed. It appears to be the only volume in folio MS.; the rest are all quartos of uniform height.

This manuscript of *Waverley*, purchased in London at the sale of Constable's manuscripts by Mr Wilks for £18, and resold to Mr Hall for £42, was eventually, in 1850, given to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and there reposes in a glass case. At

first Mr Hall intended to leave it as a legacy, but changed his mind, and handed it over during his lifetime to the Advocates' Library, on condition that it was shown to the public. He had it bound in green leather, in imitation of the other manuscripts, but with blank paper inserted corresponding to the gaps in the volume when compared with the printed work. The total number of leaves is 210. Compared with the print of the first edition (1814), this manuscript contains what corresponds to 579 pages of print, and has lost what nearly corresponds to 515 pages of print. The first, or quarto, portion of the manuscript is watermarked 1805; the folio portion is watermarked 1813. At the end of Part II. of postscript the words 'Our Scottish Addison' are erased, being required in the dedication that followed. The leaves forming the opening chapter were bought by Mr Hope Scott at Cadell's sale in 1867, and were at Abbotsford in 1871. It seems a pity that these should not be added to the manuscript of *Waverley* in the Advocates' Library. We believe that about two years ago the Advocates' Library was offered about six leaves of *Waverley* for £60, but refused to purchase.

On March 12, 1894, there was sold at Sotheby's, London, the original manuscript of Scott's *Napoleon*, the property of the Hon. Mrs Maxwell Scott, Abbotsford. The two thick post-quarto volumes, bound in russia leather, contain about 1000 pages, very minutely written. This prize became the property of an Edinburgh collector, Mr W. Moir Bryce, at the price of 198 guineas. It appears complete except for some leaves in Chapter XIV. and the whole of Chapter XV. There are many corrections and interpolations on the left-hand pages. The same collector has the manuscript of *Count Robert of Paris*, inscribed with the name of its former possessor, 'Robert Cadell, 1834.' Only a portion of this story, written in the decadence of Scott's powers, is in his own handwriting; he had called in the aid of Mr and Mrs William Laidlaw for its completion. The same purchaser has the original manuscript of Scott's review for the *Quarterly* of Kirkton's *History of the Church of Scotland*, with an inscription from 'John Murray to Robert Cooke, with kind regards, Sept. 1888,' as also the review of an essay *On Military Bridges*, by Colonel Sir Howard Douglas—both from the Cooke sale. Two other prizes of great value are possessed by Mr Bryce—the service-book of Holyrood Abbey, bound in oak and leather, for which he paid £250, and the original manuscript of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, which cost him £104. Honest Allan, as is obvious from the whimsical preface in his own handwriting, had a good opinion of his performance, as appears also from the note at the end giving date and day and hour in the evening when he finished it. This is from the Boswell collection, and has a note in the handwriting of Sir Alexander Boswell relating how it came into his possession.

Scott's *Life of Napoleon* had its origin in a conference with Constable in May 1825. 'The Grand Napoleon of the realms of print,' as Scott facetiously dubbed his publisher, whose brain was then seething with new schemes, had struck out the idea of issuing periodically the series of cheap volumes which were afterwards realised in *Constable's Miscellany*. Constable's first notion was to take the field, at Scott's suggestion, with a 'Life of the other Napoleon,' in four volumes, the series to be sandwiched with the novels by the author of *Waverley*. Scott had commenced work in June with a short preliminary sketch of the French Revolution, the events of which belonged to his own time. Constable poured in material to 39 Castle Street until Scott's little parlour became 'more like an auctioneer's premises than an author's,' so that he was fain to say :

How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance !
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdingnag chap,

Ere I grapple, God bless me, with Emperor Nap.

The introduction proved so long that Constable soon saw that four volumes would never complete the work. Scott's *Journal* shows how he toiled at this task during the months of 1826. This and the *Chronicles of the Canongate* were in progress together. The commercial crisis and failure of Constable and Ballantyne only caused him to stoop and bear a heavier load, assuming the debt of Ballantyne & Co. He now led a life of toil and seclusion from company, rarely dining out or even receiving a single guest at home, while he seemed to grudge every minute that he was not at his desk. A visit to Paris for information cost him about £200. The damp sheets of a French inn were remembered by severe after-fits of rheumatism, and the growing sluggishness of his blood and increasing lameness became marked, while his handwriting was more cramped and confused. His *Journal* contains such entries as 'Worked hard to-day,' or 'Uninterrupted to-day, and did eight leaves,' which was equal to from four to five of the closely-printed pages of the original edition of his Bonaparte. Another day he equalled twenty-four pages of print. Reluctantly he had to make up his mind to nine thick and closely-printed volumes. The story he thought so interesting in itself 'that there

is no fear of the book answering. Superficial it must be, but I do not care for the charge. Better a superficial book which brings well and strikingly together the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull, boring narrative, pausing to see farther into a millstone at every moment than the nature of the millstone admits.' Ballantyne discovered in the proof-sheets a whole passage of the history which had been repeated.

In his *Journal* he wrote : 'But I am "Nap. Bon." again, which is always a change, because it gives a good deal of reading and research, whereas *Woodstock* and such-like, being extempore from my mother-wit, is a sort of spinning of the brains, of which a man tires. After all, I have fagged through six pages, and made poor Wurmser lay down his sword on the glacis of Mantua—and my head aches—my eyes ache—my back aches—so does my breast—and I am sure my heart aches—what can Duty want more?' He told Mr Adolphus that 'he could have done it better if he could have written at more leisure, and with a mind more at ease.' In addition to the commercial ruin in which he had been plunged—for he was but working for his creditors—came the death of his wife. He lived the life of a hermit for the most part, save attending the Court five days in the week. Lockhart believes that this task barely occupied him more than twelve months. The result of this prodigious activity in the midst of 'pain, sorrow, and ruin' was munificent for his creditors, as the first and second editions produced £18,000; *Woodstock* realised £8000. An amanuensis who assisted him for a short time says that on some days he worked from 6 A.M. till 6 P.M., without interruption, save for breakfast and dinner. While he was dictating, his thoughts flowed freely; indeed he carried on two trains of thought at one time, dictating and composing the passage before him while preparing at the same time for what was to come.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell has said that he never took down a volume of Scott's writings published in or after 1826 without thinking that they, like the water from the well of Bethlehem which David refused to drink, represented 'the heart's blood of a brave man's life.' Could he have handled the Napoleon MS. he might have said this with even greater truthfulness.

THE GURNARD ROCK.

CHAPTER III.



ABRIEL LOWRY soon began to feel the awkwardness of the situation. It was not to his liking to sit thus face to face with the man he was presently to fight; the enforced companionship seemed intolerable.

He offered to take one of the oars, so that he might turn his back on his enemy; but Tregenna said, 'Niver mind; us'll catch a breeze

when we'm clear o' the Point.' And his voice and manner were suavity itself. Perhaps he, too, realised the absurdity of the position, for there was a good-humoured gleam in his eyes.

Lowry, as he scowled at his adversary, inwardly resented the man's serenity of countenance; he felt that it was outrageously out of place. The occasion demanded some ferocity of aspect, or at least a decent stolidity; and this smiling geniality was an

affront in itself. He stuck his pipe grimly between his teeth, and fumbled vainly in his pockets for tobacco. Tregenna, observing his dilemma, flung his own pouch across and said simply, 'You're welcome.' This civility only increased Gabriel's discomfort; he was doubtful whether he could accept the tobacco with grace, or refuse it without churlishness. Finally, he filled his pipe, and returned the pouch with a nod of acknowledgment. He puffed vigorously, as though he would fain blow a veil of smoke between himself and the intolerable smile of his opponent.

It was a great relief when the sail was hoisted and Tregenna changed his position. There was a fair wind, and they made rapid headway, and were soon abreast of Tregulva Head, the great black promontory at whose base the big seas break—and the ships sometimes.

'The last time I was on the Gurnard,' said Tregenna, lighting his own pipe, 'was February. There's serpentine splinters to be picked up on the rock different to what you can find in the cove or on the mainland—greeny stones, wi' veins o' bliddy red. I cannae some o' them home to my son Jan. My son Jan's 'prenticed to Josiah Creed the serpentine-worker, an' he's getting on famous. Us'll take wan or two o' them greeny stones back with us in the boat; they'm good for cannel-sticks, an' paper-weights, an' sich trade.'

Lowry did not appreciate the man's conversation any more than he liked his demeanour; he felt it was utterly inappropriate. The circumstances required a stern silence; he could have suffered threats or curses without further wrath; but here was this irritating fellow babbling of greeny stones!

It was a glorious morning, and Tregenna lolled contentedly, and blew his smoke skyward with an air of appreciation and gratitude; but Lowry crouched as he sat, and spat between his knees. They sailed past the romantic little cove of Gullion, with its fantastic rocks and islets glowing in the summer sea like an archipelago in Fairyland.

'My son Jan,' resumed Tregenna, 'hath cut the Longships out o' stone, an' 'tis 'xactly like light-house, rocks, an' all. There's to be a serpentine pulpit in Tregartha church to the mimicry o' Squire Vivian, an' Parson Trevennick says my son Jan's to cut wan o' the panels.'

Lowry did not vouchsafe a reply to any of these observations, and whenever he spoke regarding the management of the boat, it was in curt monosyllables.

The Gurnard Rock was now in sight; twice a day the tide covers it, and twice a day it emerges an island from the sea. Its remote resemblance to the fish from which it derives its name is only perceptible at very low water and from a southerly point of view. It lies half-a-mile from the land, south-west of the light on Trevasse Point.

As they neared the rock the topmasts of a sunken vessel were descried at the north-eastern extremity of the little island. Six weeks before,

the brig *Hirondelle* of Havre was driven in a gale on the Gurnard, and had gone down with all hands. The two slender masts now rose from the placid water like reeds in a pond.

'Tis a wonder that riggin' hatn't broke away yet,' said Tregenna, 'for there's a purty strong current there.'

To which Lowry responded, in the one speech he made during the voyage, 'Iss, 'tis strange. I should ha' thought her'd a-gone to splinters in two tides.'

They lowered their sail when they approached the reef, and Lowry took the oars, while Tregenna drew off his boots and stockings to wade, saying to his companion, 'Niver mind thy boots; I'll beach her.'

So they ran their boat into the pebbles at the only possible landing point, Tregenna wading knee-deep and pulling her in, while Lowry leapt dry-footed ashore. Then together they hauled the boat up the ridge of pebbles.

'There! that's wan of them stones!' cried Tregenna, picking up a fragment of rock that had not yet been worn to pebble smoothness, and dipping it in a pool, displayed its wet colours. 'Tis green mainly, but there's black and gray in it, an' the rid rins with the white; 'tis like jade an' agate an' onyx all in wan, with a strake o' cornelian; 'tis fit for a king's ornament when 'tis polished, an' my son Jan 'll turn a goblet out o' thicky stone that'll be worth fifteen shillings.'

He deposited his treasure in the bottom of the boat, and together they rambled over the one acre of island, searching for precious pebbles. Lowry against his will found himself drawn into the quest, and it was with something akin to pleasure that he picked up a big stone even more splendid than the first and carried it to the boat.

Round Trevasse Point there hove in sight a huge ironclad, steaming west—an unwonted spectacle so near the shore; and the two men, spell-bound, watched the passing of the great ship.

Then Tregenna, turning suddenly to the other, cried, 'Now for this fight—for time's going, an' the tide's running swift.' And he flung his cap on the ground and rolled up the sleeves of his guernsey.

Lowry, tossing his cap beside the other, said, 'Tis bad footing for naked feet; better put on thy boots.'

'No odds for that!' answered Tregenna.

'Then us'll fight equal,' said Gabriel, drawing off his own boots. Then facing the other, he continued with a frankness that was strange to him, his countenance clearing like a sky after storm: 'There's wan thing to be said to 'ee, John Tregenna; whether I'm best man, or thee, in this yer fight, out o' the fight thee 'rt the best man by a long sight, an' I'm sorry I struck 'ee—cruel sorry.'

What answer Tregenna would have made to this admission cannot be chronicled, for his eyes were fixed on the water, and he cried in sudden consternation, 'The boat!'

And there, a good hundred yards from the rock, buoyant on the inflowing tide, drifted their boat.

A subsidence of the pebbles had brought it to the water's edge, and the tide had crept in and lifted it; and while they stood watching the mighty vessel that betokened the immunity of the realm, their own little ark of safety was bobbing unregarded on the sea.

The empty boat danced upon the sun-smitten waters as they watched her like a thing consciously free of oar and tiller. For a minute there was a significant silence; then Lowry spoke:

'Tis a terrible judgment on fighting—in half-an-hour the Gurnard 'll be covered. Can 'ee swim, John Tregenna?'

'Iss, a bit; but not far in that current.'

'Ay, 'tis worse than broken water,' said Lowry, 'an' stronger than it looks; 'tis a nasty bit, to be sure!'

'There's no chance of a boat from the shore,' said Tregenna, 'for there's no fishing hereabouts, an' 'tis too far to signal the Channel shipping.'

'Iss, too far; they'd niver heed our motions—'twid be like the antics o' emmits.'

Minute by minute the area of the reef diminished; every wave altered the geography of the little island; isthmus, promontory, bay, appeared and disappeared, and the one acre of dry rock had shrunk to half.

Then a strange thing happened to the boat. It had been carried in the direction of the sunken brig, and after gyrating in the cross-currents, was now drifting straight on to the emergent topmasts. Its bow struck the protruding yard of the mizzen, and, slowly veering round, it was caught in a triangle of mast and spar and rope.

'Tis surely caught in the riggin',' cried Tregenna; for both were watching the truant boat.

'Surely 'tis!' answered Lowry; and when the boat showed no sign of resuming its abandoned career, he continued slowly: 'Tis a brave swim, but I'll try it. The distance is nought, but I know that ugly watter—it rins swift, an' there's a draggin' weight in it; an' there's a whirl that swayeth 'ee round an' round. Did 'ee see how the boat spinned? I'm longer in the limbs than thee, John Tregenna, an' I reckon I'm spyer in the watter. You bide here, an' I'll swim for the boat.'

While Lowry stripped, Tregenna said, 'If 'tis to be that us drown, I'd ha' wished that us washed in together; not thee wan place an' me another, for folks to interpret evil, but strapped an' buckled wan to another for a sign an' token that there was peace betwixt us at the finish.'

To which Lowry replied phlegmatically, 'Keep yer eye on they clothes o' mine, an' doan't 'ee let the tide float 'em.'

Gabriel walked in stalwart nakedness to the edge of the rock, and took the deep water with a plunge. He swam warily, with a steady breast-stroke, not making direct for the boat, but seeking by a detour to avoid the whirl. He made good progress at first; but when he neared the troubled water, Tregenna, who watched every stroke, saw that he laboured

painfully, and there were several minutes when his head appeared stationary, and man and current seemed equally matched. However, he struggled through the dangerous eddies and reached the placid water beyond, and had covered about two-thirds of the distance, when, to the dismay of swimmer and watcher, the tide lifted the boat clear of the impeding rigging, and it drifted away past all possibility of recapture.

Lowry swam on towards the rigging of the brig—he could do no other. He reached one of the masts, and after a few moments of gasping exhaustion he clambered to the yard. The Gurnard Rock had now diminished to a triangular patch that a cutter's mainsail might have covered, and Tregenna stood thereon waving his hand in greeting. It was evident that the rock would be completely submerged in a few minutes. The two men were within easy hail of each other, and Lowry shouted:

'You must swim for your life!'

'Ay, ay, I'm coming!' responded the other as he made ready.

'You must strip!' cried Lowry; 'strip! Every rag 'll be a drag on 'ee.'

But Tregenna did not strip. He had little hope of reaching the refuge of the rigging. He was not the swimmer the other was, and he knew it. If drowning was to be his fate, he would rather not be cast ashore naked and unseemly, but clothed and decent, wearing the garments of his wife's knitting.

He swam steadily, and it was Lowry's turn to watch. It was soon evident that he would never cope with the current, and Lowry, with a shout of succour, dropped into the water and made towards him.

Then Gabriel Lowry did a mighty piece of swimming; the other had already gone under twice, and was floundering aimlessly when Lowry clutched him at the neck. Tregenna was helpless; his limp body swayed in the current at a right angle from his rescuer. The sunken rocks, with their jags and hollows barely covered by the water, tore the tide into a dozen conflicting courses, and once caught in this turmoil, swimming was all but impossible; all Lowry could do was to keep himself and his burden afloat, for the under-tow dragged at his legs, and its suction was like a palpable clutch. A tooth of black rock, rising a foot from the water, gave him a minute's respite; seizing the slippery projection, he rested, while Tregenna gasped, 'Let me go, and save yourself!' and tried to tear the other's hand from his throat. But Lowry kept his grip, and away they were borne on the cross-currents in a zigzag course. Then Lowry could see the edge of the 'race,' the clearly defined limit of the turbulent water—a straight white line of froth; beyond that line was comparative safety. Inch by inch he fought the current; his strength was almost spent, his stroke grew feeble and spasmodic, when he was suddenly conscious of a slackening of the pressure that bore in upon him, a feeling

of relief as if a weight had been loosened from his limbs, and floating in tranquil green water, he relaxed his clutch of Tregenna's throat, and drawing a deep breath, he turned to the Porthillian man with a smile of triumph.

To gain the rigging was now a comparatively easy matter; and when they had climbed from the water, Tregenna, wringing his yellow beard said, 'You've succoured me this day, Gabriel Lowry.' To which Lowry replied, 'Nay, I've only got 'ee into a purty pickle, for yer us be nayther afloat nor ashore, but hangin' betwixt the say an' the firmymment.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE case of the two men was still desperate enough. It was a precarious perch, this yard of the sunken *Hirondelle*, for the mast trembled with their weight, as though it might break away at any moment. The Gurnard Rock had disappeared, and there was nothing but water to the seaward. They could see the top of the lighthouse on Trevasse Point, two miles distant, the lantern showing over the brow of the headland. The immediate coast was precipitous, sheer walls of rock that offered no foothold at high-water; and the only place where a swimmer could land was Bubbly Cove, whose narrow entry a man might make or miss. Far up on the cliff there was one outlying cottage of the little parish of Pengooney, and cattle grazing, but no other sign of life or habitation.

All the sullenness had disappeared from Lowry; it was as though the perilous water had in some sacramental way washed the ill-humour out of the man, and there was a gleam of geniality in his dark face. As for Tregenna, he soon recovered his serenity, and was as jovial as a man may be whose stomach is half-filled with sea-water. He wrung his garments and hung them up to dry, and at times the two men waved them with much shouting towards the shore; but there was no sign of help.

A clasp-knife, a tobacco-pouch and pipe, and a box of matches were the contents of Tregenna's pockets. The match-box was of metal, and fitted as closely as a watch-case; they dried the damp matches in the sun, but the saturated tobacco defied ignition. Lowry, an abandoned smoker, cut an inch of pendent rope and charged the pipe with the tow, but found no solace in the experiment.

'Here us must bide till nightfall, I reckon,' said Tregenna, 'when your friends 'll surely come a-searchin' for 'ee.'

'Iss, maybe,' answered Lowry; 'or p'raps the Porthillian chaps 'll come for thee.'

'Nay,' said the other, smiling, 'my mates know nort o' this fightin' expedition; ye see, I'm reckoned a stiddy, harmless man, an' no fighter.'

Once, when they shifted their position on the yard and there was an unusual tremor of the mast, something bobbed up on the surface of the water

and drifted away beneath them—something that the vibration had liberated from the entanglement of the submerged rigging. It looked at first glance like black seaweed, but was long dark hair, and with it there were gray garments floating.

Lowry turned pale beneath his sun-brown, and Tregenna said solemnly, 'Cap'n's wife, I reckon—poor sawl!'

So the long hours of the afternoon wore on, and the summer day died as it had lived, gloriously. The sun dipped into the Atlantic, and light clouds blew up from the sea and dappled the sky with crimson. The western cliffs were aflame, and the great headland of Trevasse, bright gold from base to summit, gleamed across the waters like a promontory of Eldorado.

Cold, cramped, famished, the two men clung to the mast, and valiantly kept up their courage. They shared the half-dried garments, and attempted to find some humour in the allotment.

Then the night came on, moonless, but marvelously clear and fine. The sky was alive with stars and the sea with phosphorus. The swirl of water around the mast gleamed like liquid fire, and every ripple was a touch of white radiance. Once again the Gurnard Island rose from the sea, and the eddies circled the emergent rocks with a luminous fringe.

'Tis a brave night!' cried Tregenna, but his teeth chattered; and he essayed a snatch of song:

'Did 'ee ever hear tell o' St Ives,
Where the men be afraid o' their wives,
An' the wimmen'—

'Sing something seemlier,' interrupted Lowry, 'for the judgment's still awver us.' And Tregenna ventured on a Methodist hymn, in a voice husky with much vain shouting.

The revolving light on Trevasse Point sent a shaft of brilliancy across the water at quarter-minute intervals, and they watched it till the recurring gleam distressed them with its persistent regularity. Inland, they could see the lights in the windows of the cottage at Pengooney; and above Pengooney hung the pole-star.

Then a thought came to John Tregenna. He cut a length of rope from the rigging, and, unravelling the strands, improvised a torch. The tarry hemp burnt with a blaze, and as he waved the flaring brand above his head he cried to his companion, 'If there's a coastguard or anybody ashore looking sayward, they 'll surely see this signal!'

Young Dick Mundy of Pengooney was fetching turfs for the hearth-fire, when from the eminence of the turf-rick he saw a strange light upon the sea, and called into the house, 'Father, father! there's curious lights upon the watter!'

'Whereabouts, my son?' asked old Isaac Mundy. 'My aged eyes be gettin' dimmer 'n iver.'

'Nigh the Gurnard, where the French brig foundered.'

'What soort o' lights be 'em? Stiddy lights like a boat's light?'

'No; dancin', flickerin' lights. They'm all of a quiver.'

'Poor' sawls!' cried the old man in an awed voice; 'poor foreign sawls!'

'Why, father! what do 'ee think they be?'

'The Lord knows! But they'm no lawful lights to be dancin' awyer drowned folks!'

'I'm afeard 'tis some signal o' distress, father; us had better ask Uncle Peter.'

So they descended the hill, and sought Uncle Peter where he was always to be found—in the corner of the settle at the 'Blue Anchor,' with half-a-dozen convivial cronies.

'There's lights upon the watter, Uncle Peter—coorous lights that flicker here and flicker there; do 'ee think 'tis a sign o' distress, or something evil in the darkness?'

'Signals, surely!' cried Uncle Peter, a shrewd-faced, corpulent little man. 'We must have the boat out; and you must go, Isaac Mundy, for you'm the wan man that can get a boat out o' Bubbly Cove in the dark.'

But old Isaac drew back. 'If 'tis mortal man in mortal danger I'll go,' said he; 'but if 'tis some sperritual adventure'—

'Come, Isaac!' said Uncle Peter briskly, 'we never reckoned 'ee a coward.'

'Coward!' roared Isaac, seizing unreasonably on the word; 'tis purty late in the day to call me a coward, an' me fourteen year cox'n o' the Lantrissy lifeboat, an' niver missed but wan launch, when 'twas dru a poultice so's I couldn't sit fitty.'

'Come, come! we're wasting precious time,' said Uncle Peter, reaching for his stick. 'I'd go myself if 'twasn't that I'm eaten dru with rheumatics.'

So the group of men descended the narrow combe that leads to Bubbly Cove, Uncle Peter hobbling on two sticks, and one of the younger men carrying a stable-lantern. Half-way down they caught sight of a flickering light on the sea, that flared and circled for half-a-minute and was lost.

'Tis this side o' the Gurnard!' cried Uncle Peter; 'though what 'tis I can't for the life o' me make out.'

Old Isaac Mundy had quarrelled all the way down. 'Coward, be I? Aw, well! if a man lives long enough he'll surely hear news!'

'No, no, Isaac! you'm a proper hero, an' us all knaw it.' But Isaac had a grievance, and was not to be easily appeased.

'Iss, I'm a coward! Dick, my son, you'd better rin home to your mother, an' tell her to tear up the Portygeese letter that's folded in the big Bible—thicky letter from the Portygeese consul, wi' the coat-of-arms o' the King of Portygal hisself in the corner. 'Twas writ when the *San Josy* went scat on the Pinnacles, an' us brought off the crew o' twenty-dree. There's the word "dooty" in that letter, an'

"hundaunted," an' "hintrepidity," an' other lies consarnin' old Isaac Mundy, an' 'tis time thicky letter was a-teared up.' So, with the old fellow grumbling all the way, they reached the beach, and carried the boat (there is only one at Bubbly Cove) down to the water.

Old Isaac and Dick entered the boat, each taking an oar and rowing warily between the rocks, which Isaac knew as a man knows his fingers; and they were soon out of the narrow entry of the cove into the open Channel. Each stroke smote the phosphorescent water into fire, and the wake of the boat was a long streak of quivering radiance. The tide was with them, and they made rapid headway.

'Can 'ee see aught, Dick?' asked Isaac in a sort of whisper. To tell the truth, the superstitious old man had been rowing for some minutes with his eyes shut.

At this moment Dick, looking over his shoulder, saw a sight to appal a hero; he suddenly stopped rowing, arrested by the vision that frightened while it fascinated him.

The glare of a swaying torch fell with fantastic effect upon two half-naked figures, poised above the water as by magic, without boat or sign of floating thing beneath them, and in the fitful yellow gleam the forms looked grotesque—demoniac. Then the flame flickered down into the sea, and the apparitions vanished.

'Tis a strange, fearsome sight, father!' gasped Dick. But Isaac did not look; with closed eyes and chattering teeth, he gripped his oar in terror.

Then out of the darkness came a shout: 'Boat ahoy!'

'Ahoy!' echoed Dick as manfully as he could.

'Boat ahoy! Help! help! help!' There were now two voices calling.

'Where be 'ee?' cried Dick.

'Here, in the riggin' o' the French brig!'

'Lord ha' mercy upon us!' gasped the old man, 'they'm sperrits, Dick—French sperrits, six weeks departed!'

But Dick had more logic. 'They'm no foreigners, father, for they spake good Cornish English.' And to banish what remained of his fears, he sang at the top of his voice:

'Is there baalm in Gilead, brother,
Baalm for me?'

And across the water, John Tregenna's husky tenor flung back the answer:

'There is baalm in Gilead, brother,
Baalm for thee—ee!'

Taking the oar from his trembling parent, Dick rowed sturdily toward the voice, and in a few minutes the two combatants of the Gurnard Rock, numbed and exhausted, were lying in the boat, speeding shoreward.

WEIGHTED SILK.

By T. L. PHIPSON, Ph.D.



THE silk industry is at present in a rather critical condition, occasioned by excesses committed in the practice of 'weighting' the fabrics made of this material. The subject is worthy of particular attention on the part of all connected with the silk-trade, the future of which appears to depend upon it. Naturalists have long been aware that when the silkworm spins its cocoon every thread is covered over by a kind of gummy matter which can be washed away by boiling water. This gummy covering is very similar (but not absolutely identical) in its chemical nature or composition to silk itself; but it is soluble in water, which silk is not. On the fibre as produced by the silkworm there is about 25 per cent., or a quarter of its weight, of this peculiar covering.

Now, before the material is submitted to dyeing, this soluble gummy matter, or 'sericine,' as it is sometimes called, should be all washed out; for it is well known that silk is never seen in its natural beauty and lustre until this substance has been completely removed by boiling with soap and water, or by means of steam.

A textile fabric, as every one knows, consists of two parts, the *warp* and the *weft*. The latter, being generally concealed between the warp threads, or so woven as to be seen only on the back of the fabric, need not have this gummy matter removed—that is, it need not be lustrous. This was the first step in the 'weighting' of silk: the gummy matter was left on the threads forming the weft of the fabric.

This practice appears to have arisen a long time ago in Europe, whilst in the East—in China, Japan, India, and Persia—the tissue was always bright on both sides, the gummy covering of the fibre having invariably been removed from the threads forming both the warp and weft. Gradually the French dyers began to increase the weight of their silk in other ways, in order to compete with the brocade-weavers of Italy. From the time of Louis XIV. to that of the First Empire in France, both the warp and the weft threads were usually boiled and cleansed of the 'sericine.' But in the time of Napoleon I. a notable decline set in, and in a comparatively short time it developed into a truly fraudulent practice. It was discovered that by plunging the raw silk, whether washed or not, into certain astringent decoctions containing tannin, the latter adhered to the fibre or combined with it. In this manner it was found easy to bring the silk that had lost its gum by washing up to its original weight, and to increase its bulk considerably at the same time.

Such practices were well known in England as early as the time of King Charles I., for about

1630 this unfortunate monarch issued a proclamation forbidding the 'deceptions in the dyeing of silk,' consisting in the addition to the dyeing mixture of injurious substances calculated to increase the weight of the material. A few years later, however, he withdrew this prohibition to some extent, 'having become better acquainted with the subject,' as his Majesty candidly observes.

At the present day the practice of weighting silks by means of astringent extracts, salts of tin, silicate and phosphate of soda, and a variety of other substances, all more or less injurious to the wear of the fibre, has reached such a height that it is seriously affecting the trade. This is especially the case as regards black silk; but fabrics of other colours suffer in the same manner.

It used to be remarked that a silk dress or a silk handkerchief would last a lifetime; and this is almost true for absolutely pure silk. But in much of the fabric sold at the present day there is not more than 10 or 12 per cent. of real silk, all the rest being extraneous matter applied to the fibre in the deceptive process of 'weighting.'

Pure silk when burnt leaves a quantity of ash which is always considerably less than 1 per cent.; but the ash left by some weighted silks has been found to amount to as much as 48 per cent. of the weight of the fabric.

The extraneous substances to which we have alluded are caused to adhere to the fibre by passing the skeins through hot baths of tannin extracts, tin salts, salts of iron, antimony, potash, &c.; and it has been found that when a silk much charged with such substances is heated it will not burn with flame, but will only smoulder away, leaving a very large amount of ash behind.

But these weighted silks are, however, of so combustible a nature that some have been known to take fire spontaneously, a result due to the gradual decomposition of the substances used for weighting, and disastrous fires have been traced to this cause. Spontaneous combustion is liable to break out more especially in black silks that are stored in warm, dry places.

Look at it how we will, the weighting of silks is a nefarious practice which should be forbidden by law. It causes a black silk dress to become more or less shabby in a single twelvemonth. Skeins of German-dyed silk have been often found to be thus increased to the extent of 400 per cent. of their original weight. Such silk has, of course, no lustre; but that is of no consequence, because when woven it will be covered by a warp that has lustre. This excessive weighting, besides increasing the combustibility, swells up the tissue and pads the fabric like stuffing a cushion, giving it 'a fictitious feel, appearance, and substance.'

This unfortunate state of things has arisen,

says a competent authority, 'from the insatiable pressure of the silk-merchant's buyer for cheapness, and the degenerate spirit of commercial competition among the manufacturers themselves.' Under such severe trade pressure artificial means are resorted to for cheapening the fibre as much as possible; and to such an extent is this now practised at each of three great silk centres on the Continent that the very existence of their staple industry is most seriously threatened.

We have hinted above that the prime cause for the 'weighting' was a desire to make up the original weight of the raw silk, a loss being occasioned by the boiling off of the natural gummy matter which amounts to about 25 per cent. By this treatment a pound of sixteen ounces is reduced by boiling to about twelve ounces. But as long ago as 1875 the weighting of silk was carried on by 'improved methods' to the extent of 100, 200, and even 300 per cent. Nowadays these numbers are left far behind, and recent chemical analyses of certain silk fabrics show that 900, and even 1000, per cent. has been reached, until, in fact, the material is no longer silk, but a mere conglomeration of mineral

matters and dyes, with perhaps some 10 or 12 per cent. only of real silk.

Black silks which have been weighted to the extent of 300 or 400 per cent. have been known to take fire of their own accord—that is, without the contact of a substance in ignition. Not many years ago a fire broke out in the warehouse of a large silk-mercier in Paris, and was traced to this cause. It was found to have originated inside a large parcel of black silk, which had been delivered only twenty-four hours previously from the dyers. In 1871 a fire traced to a similar cause occurred in a silk-dyeing establishment in the United States. It is now considered unsafe to pack such weighted silks in deep boxes.

As regards the general public, the weighting of silks should be done away with entirely. No silk fabric should be allowed to be offered for sale that does not contain at least 80 per cent. of pure silk. In fact, the time has arrived when this material, like so many others, should be 'sold on analysis,' and paid for according to its composition. That would soon have the effect of bringing about a much healthier state of things in the silk industry.

IN CARE OF THE CAPTAIN.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY, Author of *Steve Brown's Bungip*; *In the Great Deep*, &c.



AMONGST the saloon passengers of the *Illimani*, ere she was a fortnight out, little Miss Agnew had become quite a pet. 'She was such a dear—so natural, so really *chic*!' said the ladies; whilst the men enjoyed to the full her utter, or assumed, lack of conventionality. She was a fresh-coloured girl of about eighteen, handsome enough after a robust, dairy-maid fashion, with full red lips, white teeth, and black eyes, under a shock of curly hair, that shrank from no man's gaze.

Miss Agnew had come on board at the very last moment, with an uncle and an aunt to see her off; also a note from the owners commending her to the captain's care. Popularly it was known that she was a rich squatter's daughter returning home after a long visit to England. Her sole occupation of one of the best berths in the ship, as well as the possession of plenty of spare cash, gave some reason to the rumour of wealth. It was also whispered that she had been expelled from more than one fashionable school. But nobody seemed to think much the worse of her for that.

This trip the *Illimani* happened to have a rather aristocratic passenger-list for Australia. Besides poor young Badegge, who was nobody's enemy but his own, there were an incoming governor and his countess; another couple of stray peers and peeresses; a rich baronet and his wife; and several gentlemen, middle-aged and elderly, making the

round voyage for their health's sake—that is, the sake of a long and uninterrupted steady drinking. And with these, at times, nothing loth, 'Dolly,' as she was called *tout court*, would smoke a cigarette and toss off a glass of champagne; looked upon with a lenient eye by her female friends, not only on the plea of her being an 'Australian tomboy,' but for the sake of the little scandalous tit-bits she was able to retail to them afterwards in the privacy of their cabins.

At Naples, amongst others, there came on board for the second saloon a young Frenchman, apparently pretty ill with asthma; so much so, indeed, that he seemed able to do nothing else but lie in his deck-chair all day long covered up with rugs. Quite a curiosity, too, was this deck-chair, massive but light, folding up into a compact compass, curiously carved, and made of neither cane nor canvas, but of stout olive wood, with big bulging arms and a thick curved back. And Monsieur Deschamps seemed to set great store by it, for, always when the day was over and he walked feebly to his berth, the quarter-master carefully folded up the chair and carried it to its owner. 'At first people laughed. But 'cranks' and 'eccentrics' are so plentiful on such ships as the *Illimani* that far more *outré* things ceased to attract attention, and Deschamps and his chair soon became part and parcel of the daily and weekly monotony.

Curiously enough amongst all the passengers there was no one with a sufficient knowledge of French to interpret between the sick passenger-

and the *Illimani's* doctor, or the stewards, or anybody. And this was awkward; for Monsieur Deschamps was unable to speak a word of any language but his own. This matter presently coming to Dolly's ears, she volunteered to 'have a go.' 'I was,' she said, 'a couple of years at school at Rouen; and if I can't patter their lingo, I reckon I'm due for the leatheriest medal on board this canoe.' So, tripping across the bridge that separated the two classes, Dolly went up to the invalid and began—much to everybody's admiration—to discourse with eloquent volubility and gesture. Listening a minute, the Frenchman, appearing to recognise the real thing at last, sat up and waved his hands and shrugged his shoulders, and smiled with a delight and gratification beautiful to witness. And after this, nearly every day, Dolly went along and cheered the poor fellow up, interpreting his symptoms to the doctor and his wants to the stewards.

In most ocean liners there is posted up somewhere a notice advising passengers to deposit their valuables with the purser for safety during the voyage, a small percentage being charged for the accommodation. Many people object to pay this; others are too lazy to go to any trouble; others too careless. So that, very often, until something is missing, the caution is a dead letter. It was so on the *Illimani*. But one morning Dolly, returning from her usual visit to her French friend, found the saloon a scene of the utmost confusion—ladies running about with empty jewel-cases, stewards protesting, purser threatening, and the chief stewardess in hysterics. The Countess of Trebizond had lost a diamond necklace and a set of priceless pearls; Lady Trotter de Globe was minus her family jewels, sapphires, opals, and diamonds valued at £3000; the Honourable Mrs Monopole's diamond earrings (they were fashionable then), tiara, and necklet were gone. In fact, it appeared that nearly everything worth having was gone. There were a lot of paste and Palais Royal imitations—beautifully done—but all such had been rejected with the nice appreciation of an expert, or at least an intimate. And, to complicate matters, nothing was forced—every lock intact and the keys in their owners' pockets. The excitement and commotion was intense. The captain alone kept calm; and when the male relatives of the victims talked about suing the company, he suavely drew their attention to the notice afore-mentioned. Dolly was demurely sad, and consoled, even wept, with her aristocratic friends. Her own things, a set of pearls and a few diamond ornaments, she explained, had been in the purser's big safe from the commencement of the voyage. Her uncle had insisted on it.

But who was the thief?

Public opinion pointed to some one amongst the stewards. And the first thing done was to ransack the 'glory-hole,' as their quarters were called. Nothing was found. Then 'search law' was proclaimed throughout the ship, much to the indignation of the second and third classes. It took some

considerable time to overhaul the effects of nearly four hundred people. Nor was it a pleasant matter, as the purser, the chief steward, and their assistants discovered. Not a trace of the lost jewellery was to be found. But the captain grew anxious. He had been quite certain that the things would be found. Although he was not liable, the ship's reputation would be ruined so far as carrying passengers was concerned. And this was a serious consideration. Still, what more could he do? Then suddenly he remembered that Watson was waiting at Colombo to go on with him to Melbourne. If anybody could help it was Watson! Wherefore those who troubled about the daily runs noticed that the *Illimani* was being driven at almost top-speed across the Arabian Sea. In these days she was a decidedly uncomfortable ship within—suspicion writ large on every face of all her great company, each one doubtful of his neighbour, and all secretly watching, and, so it seemed, thinking about the reward offered by the victims and the executive of the *Illimani*—£500—contributed to by captain and ship's boy alike, and very willingly. Dolly Agnew gave £10 to the fund; and her friend, Monsieur Deschamps, when made aware of what was going on, insisted on putting down his name for £5. But nothing came of it.

At Colombo—reached after a record run—there was indignation when it was found that the captain had stopped all shore-going, and also barred the usual crowd of dealers, jugglers, &c. from coming near the ship.

Only one passenger came on board at Colombo—an old, gray-haired, gray-bearded man who walked with a stoop, and peered dimly at people through tinted spectacles. He was accepted as a tea-planter, an old friend of the captain's, going to Australia on business. Speaking little himself, Mr Johnson was, nevertheless, a perfect godsend to the ship at large; and into his ears was dinned by the passengers again and again the story of their losses and wrongs. 'Well,' asked the skipper a few days later as Mr Johnson strolled into the former's state-room, 'any news yet?'

'Not much,' was the reply; 'only that you've got at least one artist on board—one of the most skilful crackmen in London—which is saying a good deal.'

'Which is he?' asked the captain. 'Some fellow in the steerage, I suppose.'

'Not much,' replied the other, laughing. 'The only wonder is that he is not in the saloon here. It's the fellow in the second who gammons sick, and sits in the big chair all day.'

'Ha, ha!' laughed the captain; 'you're out of it this time, old man. That poor chap's a Frenchman—can't speak a word of anything else!'

'Is that so?' replied the other calmly. 'Well, in any case, he's the man who can tell you where the stolen stuff is.'

'Nonsense,' said the captain. 'He's never been forward the whole passage. Why, if it hadn't been

for Miss Agnew talking to him he'd have had to stay dumb altogether!'

'Fine-looking, fre-h-complexioned, rather Jew-essy, curly-haired girl—lots of side and sauce—No. 27, port side?'

'Right,' replied the skipper. 'Australian native. She's in my charge. Knows her way about, though, too well to want any looking after.'

'H'm!' grunted his companion, lighting a fresh cigar. 'You told me, I think, that you had searched the ship?'

'Every corner and every soul on board,' replied the captain proudly.

'Tehk, tehk!' said the other between tongue and teeth. 'What a pity! Tony Jenkins is a genius, though! A commoner would have chucked the things overboard. Not Tony; he's too much of an artist to stand any waste of that sort. Yes, I should say there was a chance. When you first broached the matter I thought it was only a bit of amateur aristocratic kleptomania. I see now that it's thorough business—business sweet and hot; a well-considered, long thought-out, cleverly put up job. Thank your stars, my boy, that I happened to be where I was, or you'd have lost your billet to a certainty!'

'Well, Watson—yes, of course, Johnson,' said the captain, changing colour as he thought of the fix he was in and saw no way out of, 'there's the reward, you know. And'—

'Don't want a penny,' replied the detective. 'This is purely a little private affair between ourselves. I'm on official business, and shouldn't have meddled but for old acquaintance' sake. You did me a good turn once. I'll return it now—if I can.'

Next morning Mr Johnson managed, casually, to have a talk with Dolly, who came up to where he sat in the sun, looking very old and feeble, to ask his opinion on the quality of the saloon tea, which, she averred, 'wasn't fit for pigs to drink.' Later, she confided to her friends that he wasn't a bad old josser, and that she rather thought he'd been a gay sort of a chappie in his day; whilst, on his part, Mr Johnson, removing the powerful magnifying-glasses he had worn throughout the interview, smiled in his beard and muttered, 'The scar's there all right, but fainter than when I saw it last. Clever! Clever's no name for it! No use looking through their berths, I suppose. However, I may as well have a try. I'll bet the stuff's neither there nor on their persons! If not, where then? A sum in induction à la Sherlock Holmes!' And 'Mr Johnson,' generally supposed to be the cleverest and keenest of all Scotland Yard, puckered his brows over the problem. During dinner he managed to slip into, and with practised hands ransack, Dolly's berth. But he found nothing at all incriminating in the single cabin trunk, unless a bottle of hair depilatory and another of dye could be deemed so. The clothing was all of good make and quality, and as the intruder noted the carefully worked initials 'D. A.' on

everything, he shook his head doubtfully. Under the circumstances a mistake was a very serious matter. And the *Illimani* was rapidly nearing the Australian coast. If he was to make a *coup* he had no time to lose. Monsieur Deschamps occupied a deck-chair aft; and whilst its occupant was at lunch in the second saloon on the following day, Mr Johnson made as free with his belongings as he had done with Dolly's. And with a little more success. In the pockets of a pair of old trousers he found a tiny key with only one ward, at sight of which his eyes glistened. 'M-m,' he muttered as he stepped out on to the empty deck; 'the rest of the bunch are overboard, I suppose. Overlooked this one, evidently. Didn't think Tony was so careless. But what's he done with the stuff? Sent it after the keys? No, I can't believe that, after going to so much trouble.'

One morning, listlessly observing the little procession emerging from the invalid Frenchman's cabin as usual—first, Monsieur Deschamps, walking very slowly and holding on tight to things in his path; then the quartermaster, laden with chair and rugs, mounting up to the second promenade deck—an idea flashed across the watching detective's brain, and ere night he managed to have a chat with the quartermaster.

'Yessir,' said the latter, in answer to a question. 'Poor chitp, 'e thinks a lot o' that cheer. I've got to put it in 'is berth every night so keeful as if it were med o' glass. You see, it ain't no common cheer, that one.'

'Well, I'm ready,' said Johnson to the captain shortly after this. 'You've been very good, and haven't bothered me much. Now I want your help. You must get the doctor to send for the Frenchman to the dispensary on some pretence or other. Then Miss Agnew must be called to interpret. Presently we two will drop in; and then, well, if I'm right, you'll see some fun. If I'm not, there'll be wigs on the green. But I can't put it off any longer, although not as sure as I'd like to be. Once we get to Albany, the fat's in the fire; for I cannot wait to shadow people; nor can you very well prevent the Westralian passengers from landing.'

As the captain and Mr Johnson strolled into the dispensary that evening Monsieur Deschamps was speaking. '*Mais oui, Monsieur le docteur,*' said he, '*je crois bien que, depuis que j'ai pris votre dernière mixture, je me fais plus de santé.*'

'He says,' translated Dolly, 'that since he took that last medicine he feels much better.'

'Hello, Tony, old man!' suddenly exclaimed the detective, who had been standing in one corner of the rather dim room. 'I'm sorry to hear of your—your being so ill. How do you like the sea?'

'Jim Watson!' shouted the sham Frenchman, as he stared from the clean-shaved, hawk-eyed, massive-jawed man before him to the gray wig, beard, and spectacles on the deck.

'And how's my little friend the Kid?' continued Watson, stepping to the door, and noting, with a breath of relief, the colour fade out of Dolly's cheeks, and the familiar, hunted look he knew so well steal over both their faces. 'No, you don't!' he continued, suddenly whipping out a revolver and presenting it at Tony, whose hand was quietly stealing round to his hip-pocket. The other laughed carelessly, and taking a cigar out of his case, lit it; whilst Watson, turning to the astonished skipper and doctor, said: 'Allow me, gentlemen, to present to you Mr Anthony Green, *alias* Jenkins, *alias* Deschamps, and a dozen others; and Master William Dawson, better known as The Kid, The Dinah, Young Dutch, &c.—the former gentleman the leading artist of his profession; the latter the best female impersonator of the day. Now, Tony, where's the swag?'

'Curse you, Watson!' replied the elder of the pair calmly, but with an ugly look in his shifty gray eyes. 'Find it, if you can! I won't help you!'

'Same here!' exclaimed the *ci-devant* Dolly, with a laugh. 'And if any of those old cats in the saloon make a row, Tony, I'll tell some funny little stories I've picked up amongst 'em that will make 'em glad to leave Australia by the next boat.'

'Good boy,' said Tony approvingly. 'Kept eyes and ears open, eh?'

'You bet!' replied the lad, defiantly sitting back, crossing his legs, and puffing away at a cigarette; regarded by the poor captain with a fascinated stare of amazement.

'Well, Jenkins, come now—the swag!' exclaimed Watson impatiently.

'Find it,' replied the other laconically.

'All right,' said Watson, playing his doubtful trump. 'Captain, will you kindly have Monsieur Deschamps' chair brought in here.'

'The devil!' shouted Jenkins. 'Never mind troubling. How did you find it out? All right; I pass. Watson, you've spoiled one of the best things of the century! Well, I suppose we can go now. I don't fancy anybody will bother either of us, from what the Kid's told me off and on.' And he chuckled. 'I suppose,' he went on, 'that we may as well keep up the fiction till we get to Albany, eh, Watson? But think of all my time and trouble and ingenuity wasted. Think of that lovely chair and its secret hiding-places. Hang it! I could almost cry over the thing, Watson.'

'Or shoot me,' replied the latter, laughing grimly as he replaced his disguise.

'Well, yes, at the moment,' admitted the other. 'But it's all over now. I never bother about spilt milk. You know that, Watson. All the sparklers shall be back before eight bells to-night, *parole d'honneur*. Doctor, I feel so much better that I don't think I'll require any more medicine. Miss Agnew, I know I can trust you to smooth matters over with our aristocratic friends *là bas*. Have you finished with us, Watson?'

'Provisionally,' replied the detective. 'I don't suppose the captain here wants more fuss made over the matter than can be helped. And the doctor will keep silent for the ship's sake. I'm of Miss Agnew's opinion, that the ladies for'ard will be only too pleased to get their jewellery again. Of course, if we had long to wait it would be different. But we shall be at Albany to-morrow; and that young scamp's presence amongst them won't matter much for one night more.'

'Look here, Watson,' put in 'the Kid,' 'if you're not civil I'll tell tales before I go yet.'

'But,' stammered the captain, speaking for the first time, 'I say, Watson, where's our guarantee? Of course you may trust Mr—um—Jenkins—er—Green, there, and—this er—young man, or girl, or whatever it is, and take their words. But I'd like something'—

'That's all right,' interrupted Watson cheerfully. 'I know my mark. I'd trust Tony up to any sum, once he's given his word. Believe me, it will be all serene. And neither of them will blab. They've been fairly beaten for once at least.'

'Thank you, Mr Watson, for your good opinion of me,' said Tony, pausing at the door and bowing politely. 'You will see, I hope, that it is deserved. *Au revoir!*'

And, sure enough, some time and somehow, before next morning, each of the despoiled ones found her property returned intact. Explanations, of course, were demanded; but all at once the thirst for them dropped; and 'Dolly' laughed mockingly at the glances of fear and abhorrence darted at her by whilom friends and confidantes. On all sides it was agreed 'that for the sake of the ship and the captain' the affair should be hushed up. It was difficult; but Watson, with the aid of a stowaway, who was working his passage as deputy-assistant fourteenth steward, and for a consideration acted as scapegrace, managed it.

'Keep the chair, Watson,' said Monsieur Deschamps as he went over the side at Albany. 'It will remind you of the prettiest bit of work you ever did.'

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

We watch together; but in shade and shine
You see the golden future of your ways,
And I the light that shone on vanished days;—
No; though together eyes and hearts combine
I cannot see your pictures, nor you mine.
Yet as the fire burns low, and sinks the blaze,
From the cold hearth I turn,—a moment gaze,—
And read our union in those looks of thine.

When on the hearth of Life the fire burns low
Wherein our lonely dreams and visions shone,—
When the last picture sinks with all the rest,—
Dear, may we turn as trustfully as now,
May we as gladly quit the cold hearthstone,
And know that Love's Reality is best.

E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.